

use; do something for yourself. The avenues to occupation and labor are not few with us; but what is wanted is educated help. Almost every day there are openings for bookkeepers, clerks, salesmen, etc., etc., in different lines, and this will of necessity continue as our population increases. But what are the boys doing to prepare themselves? Almost nothing, we fear.

There is a disposition amongst our youth to jump right into "a good place" without any previous training or knowledge whatever of the business. This can no more be done than a boy can presume to become principal of the Desert University. It requires years of training, discipline and experience, with small beginnings and a determination to overcome obstacles. Read the lives of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, and many others. Think of the poverty and obscurity of their boyish days, and remember, also, the fame they achieved and the service they rendered our country. Read the life of Joseph the Prophet, the greatness of the man and his mission. Read the lives of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, and others. Read all good books—read, ponder, and reflect, and your mind will become a perfect storehouse of information from which you and others can draw as may be required. It has been revealed to us through the Prophet Joseph Smith that they who, through their diligence, acquire more knowledge than others in this life will have so much the advantage in the next. This should stimulate us to action. We know that those who apply themselves assiduously at any work or occupation gain an advantage in this life. Industry brings its own reward. Again we are reminded that

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

To the girls we say, "What are you doing to qualify yourselves to become our future wives? Are you educating yourselves in the duties of the household and acquiring a knowledge of domestic economy? Are you adding to those necessary qualifications which every good wifeshould possess, an acquaintance with dressmaking, and also with the milliner's art?" These are things that every daughter of Zion should be posted in. A good face and figure, without any of the necessary qualifications for a useful housewife, will be poor comfort indeed to a workingman. The revelations thus advise us: "Let the beauty of thy garments be the workmanship of thine own hands." This is true economy, and such garments afford infinitely more satisfaction and pleasure to the wearer than if made and embellished by Woerth, of Paris.

Thus would our boys and girls become meet and fit companions for each other. Thus would their union be agreeable and pleasurable; and the union of two such hearts would bring joy and peace around the fireside, and give a foretaste of heaven.

D. L. M.

NEWS FROM EGYPT.

Situated on the western shore of the Suez canal where this opens its mouth into the Mediterranean, and on a narrow strip of land which separates the Menzale lake from the sea, is Port Said. It owes its existence entirely to the canal, and has already grown to a city of 22,000 inhabitants, of which 8,500 are foreigners of various nationalities. These carry on an immense business, second probably to no place in Egypt, except Alexandria. The German, Austrian, Russian, Italian and other steamboat companies have here establishments of their own, and numerous new buildings show that the city has what we at home would call a "boom." A traveler going this way for the first time will naturally take a deep interest in this first Oriental place he touches on his road.

As soon as the steamer has dropped anchor, the runners from the hotels are on board, and a traveler unacquainted with the place can do no better than trust himself and his belongings into the hands of one of them. An Arab will then bring your luggage into a boat, you follow, and in five minutes you are on shore. You are first conveyed to the passport office. The rule here is to take your passport and send it to the consul at the place of your destination, but the officers are very courteous, and you can generally pass them by simply giving them your name and place of destination. This is, however, only at the option of the officers, and a traveler in these parts of the world must always come with a passport, as otherwise very unpleasant consequences may follow. From the passport office the way goes to the so-called *Douane* or custom house. The gentlemen here are generally very particular, at least when a traveler appears with large trunks, and the larger these are the greater the suspicion. Tobacco, guns, pistols, etc., are always sought after. But if your luggage is not very bulky, half a franc, by way of *bachschisch*, will often pass it without examination at all.

Having settled this business you are at liberty to stroll about town and enjoy the ludicrous scenes that everywhere present themselves to your wondering eye. The city is not large. The streets, being very narrow as compared to those of the western cities of America, 20,000 people are crowded together within a very small compass. The principal street runs from the harbor by the "Hotel Continental." On both sides this street has European stores, where articles can be had at high prices. Fifteen minutes' walk will take you to the Arabian part of the city, where a number of huts are irregularly thrown about round a Mosque—a Turkish temple. If you evince any desire to enter this building, you will in an astonishingly short space of time find yourself surrounded by half-a-dozen brown skinned fellows, who explain to you that you must take your shoes off your feet before entering. Hav-

ing complied with this modest request you may enter and view the interior, which, however, at this place, is hardly worth the removal of the shoes. More interest have the human dwelling-places. In dirty hovels on lairs of straw you will find men, women and children sleeping, eating, smoking, playing, chatting, or whatever else happens to be their particular business at the time. The men are dressed in long, loose dresses, in shape resembling night-gowns more than anything else. These long dresses are made of different colors; some are blue, others white, or red, or yellow, or black, but all have one common ground-color it seems, viz., dirt. Over this those that are better off throw a piece of clothing, answering to the European coat. This can also consist of almost anything. An old jacket thrown off by a sailor, a horse blanket, a piece of calico, a gunnysack with holes in for the head and the arms, all answer the purpose of a coat. On their heads they wear the well known turban, consisting of a piece of cloth several feet long, wrapped round their heads. On their feet they have generally nothing, except dirt. But this is often thick enough to answer all purposes of a common sized American leather boot.

The women are dressed very much like the men, including the foot covering, but they veil themselves very closely, leaving only the eyes and a small part of the nose exposed to view. They are very fond of ornaments, it seems, in the shape of rings which cover their fingers and toes. Their children, of course, are all but naked.

Beggars meet you at every step you take; naked little children hold out their hands and ask for *bachschisch*. Boys take hold of your feet and want to "shine" your shoes, no matter how clean they are. Old men, crumpled up in a little straw, ask you for *bachschisch*, and even the European storekeepers seemed to have been seized with the general spirit of begging, for they run out of their stores on both sides and ask you to come in and buy this and that of them. It has been recommended by travelers to kick all this host of beggars away like dogs. But I have found that no unkindness is necessary. I can chat with them, or go as if I heard them not, or give a penny, just as I feel, and everybody seems to be pleased. They smile when they meet me, and call me "landsman," as if they had known me for a long time.

A few hours walk among the natives will suffice for any ordinary traveler, and he will no doubt, with a feeling of gratitude, think of his own home. A Latter-day Saint at least will feel grateful for the privileges he enjoys, and he will glorify his heavenly Father for the mercy that has cast his lot in the beautiful valleys of the mountains. For even if he does not believe in the Calvinistic doctrine of pre-destination, yet he must own that it was by no merit of his own that he was not born among a people who live without the light of the Gospel. He must feel, and this with humility,